

you written to beare along.

Fren. G. We serue you Madam in that and all your worthiest affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies, Will you draw neerer?

Hel. Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.

Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:

Thou shalt haue none *Rossillion*, none in France,

Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I

That chafe thee from thy Countrey, and expose

Those tender limbes of thine, to the euent

Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,

That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou

Wast shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke

Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,

Fly with false ayme, moue the still-peering aire

That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:

Who euer shoots at him, I let him there,

Who euer charges on his forward brest

I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,

And though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: Better 'twere

I met the rauine Lyon when he roard

With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,

Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre,

As oft it looses all: I will be gone:

My being heere is it, that holds thee heere,

Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although

The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,

And Angles offic'd all: I will be gone,

That pittifull rumour may report my flight

To console thine eare. Come night, end day,

For with the darke (poore thee) I leaue away. *Exit.*

Fleurisso. Enter the Duke of Florence, *Rossillion*,

drums and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolles;

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou art, and we

Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence

Vpon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir it is

A charge too heauy for my strength, but yet

Wee'l striue to beare it for your worthy sake;

To th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,

And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme

As thy auspicious mistris.

Ber. This very day

Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,

Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue

A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:

Might you not know she would do, as she has done,

By sending me a Letter. Reade it againe.

Letter. I haue told my neighbour

How you haue bene solicited by a Gentleman

His Companion.

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Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre,
My dearest Master your deare sonne, may be;
Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre,
His name with zealous seruour sanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgine:
I his despitifull Inno sent him forth,
From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to line,
Where death and danger dogges the beeles of warre.
He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.

Al what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?
Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice so much,
As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,
I could haue well diuerted her intents,
Which thus she hath preuented.

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,
She might haue bene ore-tane: and yet she writes
Pursuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell shall

Blesse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thriue,

Vlesse her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare

And loues to grant, reprecue him from the wrath

Of greatest Iustice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,

To this vnworthy husband of his wife,

Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worth,

That he does waigh too light: my greatest greefe,

Though little he do feele it, set downe sharply.

Dispatch the most conuenient messenger,

When haply he shall heare that she is gone,

He will returne, and hope I may that thee

Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,

Led hither by pure loue: which of them both

Is dearest to me, I haue no skill in sence

To make distinction: prouide this Messenger:

My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,

Greefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake. *Exeunt*

A Tucket of farre off.

Enter old Widow of Florence, her daughter, Palmyra

and Mariana, with other

Citizens.

Widow. Nay come,

For if they do approach the City,

We shall loose all the sight.

Diana. They say, the French Count has done

Most honourable seruice.

Wid. It is reported,

That he has taken their great'st Commander,

And that with his owne hand he slew

The Dukes brother: we haue lost our labour,

They are gone a contrarie waye harke,

you may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe,

And suffice our selues with the report of it.

Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,

The honor of a Maide is her name,

And no Legacie is forrich

As honestie.

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Maria. I know that knaue, hang him, one *Parolles*,
a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young
Earle, beware of them *Diana*: their promises, entice-
ments, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are
not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath bene
seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so
terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot
for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed
with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I neede
not to aduise you further, but I hope your owne grace
will keepe you where you are, though there were no
further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so
lost.

Dis. You shall not neede to feare me.

Enter Helen.

Wid. I hope so: I looke here comes a pilgrim, I know
she will lye at my house, thither they send one another,
Ile question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are
bound?

Hel. To *S. Iaques la grand*.

Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the *S. Francis* heere beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march of farre.*

Wid. I marrie ist. Harke you, they come this way:

If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime

But till the troopes come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,

The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse

As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leisure.

Wid. you came I thinke from *France*?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countessman of yours

That has done worthy seruice.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dis. The Count *Rossillion*: knew you such a one?

Hel. But by the eare that heares most nobly of him:

His face I know not.

Dis. What somere he is

He's brauely taken heere. He Role from *France*

As 'tis reported: for the King had married him

Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?

Hel. I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dis. There is a Gentleman that serues the Count,

Reports but courtesly of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dis. Monsieur *Parrolles*.

Hel. Oh I belecue with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane

To haue her name repeated, all her deseruing

Is a reserued honestie, and that

I haue not heard examin'd.

Dis. Alas poore Ladie,

Tis a hard bondage to become the wife

Of a detesting Lord.

Wid. I write good creature, wherefore she is,

Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maide might do her

A shrewd turne if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?

May be the amorous Count solicites her

In the vnlawfull purpose.

Wid. He does indeede,

And brokes with all that can in such a suite

Dis. I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly sur-
prize

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Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But she is arm'd for him, and keepe her guard
In honestest defence.

Drummes and Colours.

Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddess forbid else.

Wid. So, now they come:

That is *Anthony* the Dukes eldest sonne,

That *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dis. Hee,

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,

I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honest

He were much goodlier: Is't not a handson Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

Dis. 'Tis pittie he is not honest: yonds that same knaue

That leads him to these places: were I his Ladie,

I would poison that vile Rascall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dis. That lacke an-apes with scarfes. Why is hee

melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Loofe our drum? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he

has spied vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I will bring

you, Where you shall host: Of inioyn'd penitents

There's foure or fye, to great *S. Iaques* bound,

Alreadie at my house.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:

Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide

To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking

Shall be for me, and to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,

Worthy the note.

Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen,

as at first.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him

haue his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding,

hold me no more in your respect.

Cap. E. On my life my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinke I am so farre

Deceiued in him.

Cap. E. Belecue it my Lord, in mine owne direct

knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him

as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infi-

nite and endlesse Liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the

owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships

entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too

farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some

great and trustie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle

you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try

him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his